THE MEREDITH EAGLE

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God's Message Came.

He died at sunset, when the last red rays
Fell on the mountains hoary,
And tinged the cliffs with glory;
In the full promise of his youthful days
He closed his life's brief story.

He stopped upon the rough and thorny road,
Far from the loved home-faces,
Threw off Care's heavy traces,
And willingly laid down his spirit's load
In unfamiliar places.

It may be, when his pulse beat faint and low,
Death's presence then discerning,
His heart was full of yearning
To see one face again; but now we know
For him is no returning.

With all its glowing beauty, earth was dim
And shadowed with deep sorrow;
He had no strength to borrow
Hope from coming years, because for him
They had no glad to-morrow.

Therefore at sunset, when the gates of heav'n
Stand open in the radiant west,
As welcoming a favored guest,
God's message came; and unto him was given
To enter in and rest.

PRODUCING AN EFFECT.

Agatha Stotford was unfortunate. She lived in the midst of an artistic and literary circle, without being herself either artistic or literary. Her father was a painter of eminence, her brother a poet, while her sister composed music which was supposed by the knowing to be not far removed from that of Wagner—Wagner being the music god of the particularly æsthetic circle in which Miss Stotford revolved. So far, Agatha had been without a specialty. She was not a fool. She could tell a good picture from a bad one. Given a clew, she could discover beauties in a poem; but she had no scrap of original genius.

She was certainly nice-looking, with a good, shapely figure, a fresh complexion, clear blue eyes, and bright golden hair. But the men who frequented Mr. Stotford's studio wanted something more than prettiness to atone for the lack of intellectual power. She finally formed a resolve to produce an effect of her own, or die in the attempt. After much thought, she determined to be "noble" —specially and distinctively "noble." She would do some "grand thing"—not, be it understood, for nobility's sake, but for the sheer longing to produce an effect.

Now, let it be known that, among the habitues of Mr. Stotford's studio, was George Singleton, a young hump-backed art-student, who worked terribly hard, so his most intimate friends said, to preserve the life about which he cared so little, since he felt, with a morbid bitterness, his physical deformity. Hitherto, Agatha had scarcely ever thought of wasting words upon him, but now there came to her a grand resolve. She would make Singleton fall in love with her, and she would marry him. The thought first came to her as she was lying awake one night, and when she appeared at breakfast next morning, there was a warmer glow on her cheek and a brighter light in her eyes than her family had beheld in them before.

When she next saw George Singleton, it was on the day set apart weekly by Mr. and Mrs. Stotford for receiving their friends. Agatha had often wondered why Singleton came at all, for he said little, and seemed shy and ill at ease. This day, however, she determined, if possible, to make him talk. It chanced that he had been absent for several weeks, and that fact was an opening.

He took the vacant chair beside her and said:

"It is the loneliness of death to see your life stretching out before you like a plain, without tree or flower, without even a hillock in sight, to break the dead monotony."

"But your work?" she suggested, looking at him as no woman had ever looked at him before. "Surely, you care little about that?"

"Perhaps I might, if anyone else were interested in it."

"Oh, but many people must be, I for one, should like so much to hear all about it."

"Would you, really?" he asked, his face brightening.

"Yes, of course I should. Is that so difficult to understand?"

"It seems so to me."

"There was a pause. Then she said, oh so gently:

"Will you really tell me about what you do?"

"Need you ask me twice?"

Were this anything more than a short study, I could dwell at length, and with some pleasure in their skillfulness, upon the various wiles with which Singleton was beguiled—the sighs, the little bursts of enthusiasm, looks full of subtle sympathy, tones as subtle as looks, low under-tones meant to reach his ear only. Indeed, she gave herself much more trouble than was necessary, for Singleton was very easily conquered.

"Surely," thought Agatha, recalling his looks of adornation and the eager way he listened when she spoke, as if fearful of losing a single intonation of her voice,—"surely he must love me."

One twilight they were sitting together by the open French window.

"How sweet it was of you," said Singleton, "to come and see me in my den, to-day."

"It was a pleasure and a privilege."

"You've made me in love with the room," he went on, "and I used to hate it so."

"Then I wish I had come before."

"I wish you had. Do you know how you have blessed my life?"

They sat together through the failing twilight, and on in the fragrant night. They were both almost silent. Singleton was trying to count over and realize his untold bliss. Agatha was wondering what would be the most striking form in which to make the general disclosure.

Singleton was anxious to go to Mr. Stotford at once, but Agatha begged him to leave that to her. And that night, after her lover was gone, when the hall-door had been barred against all visitors, and Mr. Stotford was sipping his nocturnal brandy and water, and smoking a massive meerschaum which always made its appearance at that hour, Agatha came behind his chair, and rested her hand on his shoulder, while she said:

"Papa, dear, I want something from you."

"My dear, I'm not surprised to hear that. How many new dresses is it this time?"

"It's not dresses. What I want is your consent to my engagement."

"Engagement to be married?"

"What other engagement could I possibly mean?"

"What! You mean to say," cried Mr. Stotford, fairly astonished now, and regarding the smoke from his pipe as if he had some slight hope of finding therein a solution of his difficulty—"you mean to say that some fellow is in love with you, and you are in love with him?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Well, it can't be Edmunds; and it can hardly be young Claymore?"

"No."

"Then, who is it?"

"It is Mr. Singleton."

"What! That poor, hump-backed young fellow?"

"It is George Singleton."

"My dear child," said Mr. Stotford, gravely, "this is indeed a more serious matter than I conceived."

But it would be unnecessary to repeat all the father's arguments on this occasion.

"Well, my dear, I won't oppose you. I have seen so much trouble in the world from interference that if you can really love this poor fellow I won't stand between him and his chance of happiness."

The next day, the news spread like wildfire. Mrs. Liddell drove out to see if it were true; and, when she heard that it was, embraced Agatha, and murmured something about Aurora Leigh. Of course, there were not wanting those who felt bound to remonstrate, and asked Agatha very emphatically if she knew what she was doing. When she assured them that she did, they shook their heads solemnly, and expressed their hopes that her nobility would be rewarded. On the whole, Agatha was not at all disappointed. She had produced quite as startling an effect as she had anticipated. Men who had never noticed her before began to come around her. She went among them by the name of St. Agatha. Painters idealized her prettiness into beauty, and painted her with a halo around her head.

Agatha liked being seen out with her lover. It was a perpetual advertisement to the world of her nobility.

But, alas that wonders live but nine days! There is no pedestal on which we are allowed to stand for long, unless we are made of stone. Like the rest, Miss Stotford had to come down from hers. It was a depressing day for her when she found that people had quietly accepted the fact of her engagement, and had ceased to praise or pity her for it. Even Singleton himself had ceased to question the reality of his own happiness, and was actually beginning to make plans for the future, and growing eager to have the marriage-day fixed.

"Surely, there's plenty of time for that," she said. "We can settle about it in October, when I come back from Switzerland."

It was just at the end of August when Mr. Stotford took his family abroad for their summer holiday. George could not leave London just then, but he said to his betrothed:

"Don't mind for me, darling. The memory of your love will keep me happy, and I know you want a change; you have been looking quite pale lately. And then you will write to me."

Perhaps Agatha would hardly have allowed to herself how glad she was to get away; but to a perfectly cold nature like hers, persistent "spooning" was a heavy price to pay, even for the pleasure of having produced a great effect.

In Switzerland, the Stotfords made the acquaintance of a family by the name of Gardiner. Agatha and Miss Maude Gardiner struck up an intimate friendship, after the manner of young ladies. The elder members of the two families found little in common, for the Gardiners, though people of good social position, were not over-weighted with brains; but Maude suited Agatha, and Maude's brother, Reginald, was a fine, handsome young fellow. Very pleasant were the mountaineering expeditions the three made together, and three more intrepid spirits could hardly have been found.

Of course, she at once told Maude all the particulars of her engagement, and Maude was enchanted. She had never heard of anything so beautiful.

"You are going to build up his ruined life," she cried.

"I hope so, dear."

"And you must let me see him as soon as we get back to London."

"Oh, yes; we must all be the best of friends."

One morning, as they were leaving the hotel for a day's ramble, Agatha remarked that she hoped she should find a letter on her return.

"Do you mean the letter?" Maude asked.

Agatha blushed becomingly, and they set out.

They returned at dinner-time, in excellent spirits, and Agatha hurried to her room to dress for table d'hote. They were very merry at dinner, and all the evening through, as they sat in the lighted garden listening to the band.

When Reginald said good-night to Agatha, he asked, with a slight but expressive smile:

"Did your letter bring you good news, Miss Stotford?"

Agatha blushed now in good earnest. Every one knew the English mail come in at five o'clock; and she had forgotten to ask for her letter.

"It's only a straw," thought Reginald as he went toward the billiard-room; "but it's certainly a straw."

It was a cold day toward the end of October, when the Stotfords and the Gardiners returned together to London. Maude had not long to wait for her introduction to George Singleton, for he was on the platform, ready to greet his betrothed.

"Is it not noble of Agatha?" asked Miss Gardiner of her brother, when they had parted from the Stotfords.

"The fellow has been rather hard hit by fate; but he has his compensation, certainly," Reginald answered, with a frown on his face, as he turned away from his family to go to dinner at his club.

Of course, Singleton dined that evening with the Stotfords; and when he and Agatha were alone together in her little sitting-room, he was very affectionate,—"oh, more affectionate than ever," —as Agatha thought, ruefully. He had brought with him a small manuscript book, in which he had carefully set down all the details of his days, interspersed here and there with a lover's ravings.

"I thought it might interest you," he said.

"Oh, yes, thank you," she answered; "so it does, very much," and she turned over some of the pages.

When he took his leave, she suggested that he was forgetting his book.

"Then, you don't care to keep it?"

There was a wistfulness in his question which her ear failed to detect.

"No, thanks; I think I've seen in it now all you have been doing. Monday seems very much like Tuesday, and Thursday repeats Wednesday. You have been very good."

Singleton sat long by his fire that night. He took the diary out rather tenderly from his pocket, and looked at the fly-leaf, on which was written: "A record of what I do, kept by me for my dear in her absence." Then suddenly he thrust it into the fire, and called himself an unworthy fool. Why should she understand his sentimentality?

The marriage-day was at last fixed for early in January. The nearer Agatha's marriage-day came, the more she shrank from the prospect of it. As Singleton's wife she could not hope even to make the sensation she had created as his betrothed. The pleasure of producing her effect had been great, but she had obtained it on credit.

If Singleton would but be jealous, —if he would quarrel with her on this account,—why, then surely the fault would not be hers. Maude was her most intimate friend, and she could not see much of Maude without seeing a good deal of Reginald, too! Besides, she liked Reginald, and her friendship with him as well as with his sister was a fact to which George must speedily make up his mind.

The night before Christmas, they were alone together in Agatha's sitting-room. A wild north-east wind was sweeping around the house and wailing through the leafless trees. Now and then the sleet was driven up vehemently against the window.

"I think I never shall be warm again," said Agatha.

She was sitting in a low easy-chair, drawn close to the fire, her feet resting on the fender, her head lying back on a velvet cushion, her small white hands sparkling with rings clasped on her lap. She looked the very embodiment of indolence and comfort.

Singleton made no answer. He was standing with his arms resting on the mantel-piece.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked, with some asperity in her tone.

"I didn't hear what you were saying."

"You never do," she rejoined, promptly, "when I speak about any suffering of mine."

"Are you suffering, dear?" he asked, looking up.

"Yes, of course I am. You know how this weather makes me feel."

The clock struck half-past ten—the hour when Singleton always took his leave.

"Agatha," he said, a little nervously, "I want to ask something of you."

"Do you?" she replied, wearily; "well, what is it?"

"I want to stay with you to-night until eleven."

"Oh, not to-night," she said, perhaps with more protestation in her voice than she was even aware of. "My head aches, and I want to go to bed, and see if I can't get warm there."

"Only this once, dear," he entreated.

She made no reply.

"Forgive me, Agatha; I was a selfish brute. You aren't too angry to say good-night, are you?"

She could not fail to see the effort he made to hide the quiver of pain in his voice, and glancing up she saw in his eyes such a look of pleading, that even her not very susceptible heart was touched.

"There, there, you needn't go," she said. "I spoke to you more crossly than I should have done. Half an hour longer wont kill me; and if you will be vexed with me I can't help it."

"Vexed with you?" he said, kneeling down beside her. "How do you think that could ever be?"

Then he put his arms around her, and drew her head on his shoulder.

For the next half hour there was complete silence between them. Inside, the fire flickered, and held low converse with itself; and outside, the insatiable wind wailed on. When the clock struck eleven, he arose, and Agatha arose, too.

"Thank you," he said, "for letting me stay. I know you wont be sorry for it, hereafter." And as he stood there, holding both her hands in his, she saw again in his eyes that strange, pleading look.

"Aren't you happy?" she asked. "You seem as sober as a judge."

"Could a man who believed in your love be other than happy?"

At the door, he turned back, drew her close to his heart once more, and kissed her again, long and lovingly. Then he went.

"Gone at last," she thought, with a sigh of relief, as she heard the hall-door close behind him. Then she went straight to bed.

Miss Stotford was not an early riser. This morning's mail brought her many seasonable cards, but, oddly enough, only one letter. She was familiar with the delicate, almost feminine hand-writing—it was from Singleton. Shortly after their engagement he had been addicted to the habit of posting her a letter before going to bed, but latterly he seemed to have broken himself of the practice. Indifferently at first, yet with increasing interest, she read:

"Dear, I am quite calm now. In a very little while I shall long for nothing any more. I want you to know now in these last moments my whole heart goes out in blessing to you. But for you, perhaps, I should have lived out a long and painful life, productive of no joy to myself or others. I have neither father nor mother—no one to sadden by my loss. I should never have done anything really good in art,—Mr. Stotford will tell you so,—so I am small loss there. You gave me three months of divine happiness, and I shall now turn to the thought of that time as a bridegroom turns to his bride. Good-by darling, and may some power ever bless and guide you.

"G. S."

Many times the letter fell from Agatha's fingers while she read. Now she held it crushed in her hand. Did Singleton mean all he had said? Could this thing really be? Was her lover no longer in this world, and if so, was she not, in a way, guilty of his death? Her blood turned to ice and her teeth chattered. Then, with a sudden impulse, she rose and dressed.

When she went to the breakfast-table, there was no gainsaying the fact that she was ill, for her face was as white as death. She tried in vain to eat.

"No, I can't take anything," she said, at last. "I will go to my own room, and try to get warm there."

Mrs. Stotford and Adelaide followed her, with the kindest intentions.

"I hope, dear," said Mrs. Stotford in her cheerful voice—more cheerful than usual, by virtue of the season—"I hope you made George promise to be with us early to-morrow."

Poor Agatha! What exquisite agonies of remorse she experienced as she remembered that she had promised to go to church with the Gardiners, and then to lunch with them.

"I don't think he'll come before dinner," she answered, faintly.

"I do think George is an angel," said Miss Adelaide, emphatically, "to be so sweet over your friendship with the Gardiners. I know if I were a man I shouldn't like it."

"Please don't talk," pleaded Agatha. "I know it's all kindness, but I would rather be let alone. My head is bursting."

"Well, come away, Addie," said Mrs. Stotford. "We have enough to do with putting up the holly and mistletoe. You can't trust matters like that to servants. Of course, it's not their fault that they can't do it artistically. Perhaps when Agatha's a little warmer she'll lie down on the sofa and get a sleep. That will be the best thing for her. She just has a bad, feverish cold, as any one could see."

So they left her, and she crouched before the fire, shivering and shaking as with ague.

Surely, he might yet have repented of his rash resolve. Still, he would he not have sent her word? The silence was ominous. All the time she kept asking herself how far she, Agatha, was responsible if he had done this thing. If he must go away, why not have gone to Australia, where he need never have seen her again? Of course, it was not in her to understand how the thought of love won and lost can turn life into a present hell. At the sound of every footfall, she started as if a ghostly hand had been laid on her shoulder. At the postman's sharp knock her heart leaped in her, and then stood still.

About four o'clock came Reginald and Maude Gardiner to see her.

"We heard from Mrs. Stotford," said Maude, "that you were ill; but you look frightfully, child; what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," moaned Agatha. "I shall be better soon."

"This hand is cold," said Reginald. "Let me see if the other one is equally ill-behaved."

"Don't," she said, almost fiercely, drawing her hand abruptly away.

"Are you cross with me?" asked Reginald, in his sweetest tone of voice.

"I am ill. Don't you see I am?"

"Low spirited," observed Maude.

"Precisely so," replied Reginald. "Perhaps it would cheer you to hear the contents of the evening paper."

Then, taking a "Standard" from his pocket, he began reading.

"The latest telegrams from the seat of war.' Ah! it appears that we have done wonders. Actually, five hundred soldiers of the English army encountered and defeated two hundred natives, with considerable slaughter. 'Christmas in the East End.' How I do hate all this cant about the season! 'Alarming Fire in the city.' 'Those Cabmen again.' 'Police Reports.' Anything there you'd like? 'A Strange Breach-of-Promise Case.' 'Great Wrecks off Dover.' I should think so, with such a devil of a wind as we've been having. 'The Suicide in Harley street.'"

"Ah! what's that? asked Maude. "I'm always interested in suicides."

Agatha's heart leaped in her with an audible cry.

"'Mr. Jno. Hales, surgeon in Harley street, was summoned this morning, about ten o'clock a. m., to No. 26, where he found——'"

And suddenly Reginald stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" inquired Maud.

He turned the paper toward her, pointing to the paragraph.

Oh, great heaven! It can't be. "Oh, Agatha, darling!"

And she flung her arms around Agatha's neck. But Agatha seized the paper, which Reginald feigned to detain from her, flashed her eyes down the column, and saw what she knew she would see, Singleton's name.

"Hush! Hush!" said Reginald to Maude, who, with difficulty stifled her sobs. Then the three sat for a minute or two in awful silence.

Then Agatha rose, stood erect for a moment, as if she were about to walk out of the room, and then suddenly, with a wild cry of horror, fell forward in a deadly swoon. She would have dropped to the ground, but Reginald caught her in his arms.

"How she did love that poor fellow?" he thought, while Maude ran in haste to find Mrs. Stotford.

Of course, Agatha was at once put to bed, and the family physician sent for. When he heard all the circumstances of the case, saw Agatha's unnaturally bright eyes, felt her quick pulse, and listened to her incoherent wanderings, he could not disguise from the family his apprehensions of brain fever.

"It was a critical case," he said; "but if she could get a night's sleep, the danger might be averted."

About the small hours, Agatha's wanderings ceased, and a heavy sleep fell upon her and saved her.

It was three o'clock on Christmas-day when she awoke. The bells were ringing for afternoon service. At first she thought it must be Sunday morning, and that she had slept late. Then she began to wonder at her strange feeling, as if she had been bruised all over, and the sense of blended weakness and clearness in her head. Then very gradually, yes, very gently, too, she remembered all the events of the preceding day, and accepted them as one too weak to feel surprise. There were two great facts—Singleton was dead, and she was free.

In her heavy mourning, and with her face so pale,—for she really had been ill—she looked far more interesting than of old.

When the summer came, she was glad to escape from London. Sea-side and hill-side brought her their balm. She concluded that even without a specialty, life might be a very good thing. She returned to town bright and beaming. I do not think that Singleton's ghost haunted her, even on the day before Christmas.

The next summer, she fulfilled her natural calling by marrying. The bridegroom, however, was not Reginald. He proposed, indeed, but she took three months to consider. During that period of probation, she met the son of a very rich picture dealer. As was natural for a painter, Mr. Stotford furthered this alliance; and the young man, if not quite so handsome as Reginald, was very much richer. Like a dutiful girl, she obliged her father, as he had before obliged her.

The reputation for nobility which had been purchased by her engagement to Singleton never quite forsook Agatha.

"Ah," said the romantic friends, "her life was really over when that poor fellow died. She married just to please her father."

Women in Parliament.

Kate Field in writing of the British Parliament says:

From 1778 to 1834 women obtained a glimpse of the House by looking through a hole over the largest chandelier—a hole constructed to carry off the hot air and smoke of the candles. Before the present houses of Parliament were designed, when legislation was carried on in a temporary building, women were allowed to stand and peep through eyelet holes bored in a sort of box erected behind the strangers' gallery. Far better is the sheep-pen of to-day, but it is a pen. Originally it was divided into three compartments of seven persons each. A dozen years ago, however, the dividing walls were removed. Since then other improvements have been made, the last of which is the elevation of the ceiling and an attempt at ventilation; but the gallery still remains small, dark, and wellnigh intolerable. Hung high in the air, like a bird cage, a heavy iron grating conceals its occupants from a view of the House, and, unless a woman is fortunate enough to obtain one of the eighteen front seats, she sees nothing and hears with difficulty. On my visit, one hour before the House assembled, it was locked, and a dozen women stood before it ready to make a raid on the front seats. At last the imposing usher appeared, unlocked the door, and the scramble began, but we were stopped in our mad career by the impertubable person in black, who, after comparing our names with those of his list, allowed us to proceed. By a firm but not riotous display of muscle I secured a front seat. "This is beautiful, is it not?" said an elderly lady to her companion. "What have you brought with you:" "Sherry, sandwiches and some sal volatile." "Very sensible, my dear," added the elderly lady. "Just before leaving home I had some sausages, because they are staying." Women speak little in this pen, the effect of the grating being depressing. No men are allowed, M. P.'s excepted, who drop in occasionally to see their friends. The only diversion is tea, or a chop served in a retiring room.

Blunders of the Telegraph.

A gentleman who had gone to the country to find a summer location for his family telegraphed to his wife, "Home to-night." The wires rendered this into "Come to-night," and so the wife posted into the country at once, while the husband was making his way in a contrary direction. The writer omits some of the most comical errors on record. Not long since, a message came to the principal of a business house in this city from his traveling agent, who had reached Philadelphia—"Am at Continental Hotel. Send some hash by mail." The agent did not intend to reflect on the food at the hotel, but wanted "cash" sent by mail. An affectionate uncle was informed by telegraph—"Mary is to be buried on Wednesday. Come sure." Mary, who lived in Chicago, was his favorite niece, and, as he had not heard of her illness, the sad intelligence gave him a severe shock. He dressed himself in deep mourning, and made a hurried journey to the West to find a jovial party assembled at Mary's wedding. The wires had arranged for her to be "buried" instead of "married." Probably the worst blunder ever made was one that occurred in the case of a St. Louis merchant, who, while in New York, received a telegram informing him that his wife was ill. He sent a message to his family doctor, asking the nature of the sickness, and if there was any danger, and received promptly the answer: "No danger. Your wife has had a child. If we can keep her from having another to-night she will do well." The mystification of the agitated husband was not removed until a second inquiry revealed the fact that his indisposed lady had had a "chill."—*Hour.*

"Haven't seen you for the last few days. Have you been indisposed?" "No. It's my washwoman who is indisposed." "Is she very sick?" "She is not sick at all. She is only indisposed to bring back my shirt."

A Universal Plague.

THE MUSQUITO BITES, FILLS UP AND COMES BACK FOR MORE.

The principal objection to both the musquito and the old inhabitant is that he always comes back at you. After he has filled up, so to speak, he goes off, but he always comes back and wants more. A musquito never knows when he has enough to eat. In this respect he is very much like an office-holder. He is invariably willing to serve a second term. He always sends up his plate for more. We dislike to use harsh language about public institutions, but it is the sacred duty of the journalist to remind the police that they are not doing their whole duty in regard to the musquitoes. No arrests are made, and yet the musquito has no vote. As long as the musquitoes were quiet and comparatively few in numbers no complaint was made; but now they have grown so bold that they have fairly taken the town. They swarm the public streets, and some of them are certainly big enough to be arrested. An occasional musquito is not so bad; but when there is a brigade of musquitoes to the square inch, and each one is as hungry as Tanner, it is time something should be done about it. The musquitoes were so thick recently that a man needed about seventeen hands to keep them off. It is a solemn fact that the musquitoes stopped the street cars. They did not precisely organize a posse and halt the car at the county line, but they kept people on the sidewalks so busy with their handkerchief that the drivers were deceived, and stopped the cars every forty yards, thinking that people on the sidewalk were anxious to get aboard. The musquitoes refused to recognize the handkerchief as a flag of truce, and just kept up hostilities. A gentleman whose name we suppress, tried his level best to discourage the musquitoes from chewing up his ears, as a mule would a bundle of fodder, by shaking his handkerchief. On the opposite side of the street a lady was also shaking her handkerchief at the musquitoes, when the excitable husband lit in on the musquitoes with a club, and accidently crippled the man with the handkerchief. Who says it is not time that troops were called out to preserve order and bulldoze the insects? It would not be a bad idea for the combined fleets of Europe to make a hostile demonstration against the Galveston musquitoes, just as is being done with Turkey. Come to think of it, it is hardly worth while, until we have deep water on the bar. One would suppose the people of Galveston were the most excitable in the world, they are so full of the most eloquent gestures. When you see two men talking, you are led to infer that they are on opposites sides in politics, and are discussing the news from Maine. One waves his arms over his head, as if he were trying to stop a railroad train and avert an awful accident, while the other brings his right hand down into the palm of his left, as if he were saying, "And don't you forget it." There are other eloquent gestures, of course, such as scratching an ear, after the manner of a dog using his hind leg to remonstrate with a flea. When the musquitoes are very bad, two men conversing peacefully about the weather, go through such antics that the spectator is persuaded they are engaged in a boxing match. There is a large dragon fly called the musquito-hawk, that is doing a land office business just now. There will be a dense cloud of musquitoes in the air, and a dozen of these musquitoes feeding on the cloud, just as a drove of mules would on a stack of fodder, but it does no good. The supply of musquitoes is unlimited. The musquito-hawk ought to be as big as a schooner, and have a big pouch like a pelican. In that event if the hawk could be induced to work nine hours a day, the musquito census might fall off a little, but as things now are, Galveston is in a bad fix.—*Galveston News.*

Ballooning.

The Dominion exhibition, which is held every three years under government patronage, is now open for the first time in Montreal. The city is crowded with visitors, and the exhibition receipts in one day were very large. One of the principal attractions, from a scientific amusement point is view, is the balloon of Prof. Grimley of New York, which was to ascend recently with a newspaper representative in the car. Owing to the density of Montreal gas and a delay in filling, the professor was compelled to ascend alone. By throwing out all ballast the balloon rose to a hight of 4000 feet. At each successive thousand feet the balloon was met by currents of air running east, west, northeast, and south respectively, in which latter direction it proceeded as far as the docks, two miles distant, where the cool air of the river and lakes above caused it descend rapidly, in the presence of an immense and excited throng which had followed its course through the lower town. The balloon was in imminent danger of descending into the rigging of an ocean steamer, but happily the towline (200 feet long) was seized by the crowd as it trailed over their heads, and the air ship was drawn away from the vessel and descended alongside. The professor escaped with no further damage than a slight ducking. Not so his balloon, which was seized and dragged in the mud by the good-natured crowd, despite his entreaties to leave things to him. The professor is the man for emergencies. Three days before he left for Montreal his balloon was destroyed by the burning of his workshop. He immediately hired all the help he could get, made his present balloon, and was here on time. He is an aeronaut of fifteen years' standing, and has made forty-four ascents. He has lost two balloons by rough weather, and has had several narrow escapes. In 1875 he was severely injured by descending in a high wind near Pittsburgh, and in 1877 hastily descended before a squall upon Mt. Tunbridge, Vt., where the balloon lodged in a tree and was torn into pieces by the gale. He also made an ascent from Montreal on June 21, 1879, and again on Aug. 1 of the same year, in the monster balloon Canada, for a trial of Coroan & Page's aerial steerage apparatus, making perilous ascents near St. Jude.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Lost His Wife.

The police had a call from an old man who had come down from Isabella county with his wife to see the state fair. He was in a heap of trouble over the fact that they had become separated twenty-four hours previously, and all his hunting and inquiring had failed to get trace of her. He explained the separation as follows:

"You see, we was looking at the runnin' races. Sich things allus excite me, fur I've bin thar' myself. The hoss I bet on was losin' ground, and I tried to climb a stump to swing my hat and encourage him. That let the crowd in between me and Hanner, and fust I knew I couldn't find her."

"How old is your wife?" asked the officer.

"About twenty-three," replied the old man as the red came to his face. "She's my third wife, you see, and may be I was a leetle foolish."

"Did she have any young lovers?"

"Piles of 'em."

"Were any of them at the state fair?"

"I believe I saw two or three."

"Old man," said the officer after a long pause, "I want to ask you a question, and I hope you won't be offended."

"No, sir, I won't be miffed at anything you ask."

"Suppose, now, that your wife had—had ——? That is to say, suppose——?"

"By gum!" exclaimed the old man as he shut up his jack-knife, "I believe I ketch your meaning. If Hanner has played that trick on me somebody'll git shot."

"That's only my theory," mused the officer. "Perhaps she loves you, and wouldn't think of eloping."

"I dunno about that—I dunno. I gave her 120 acres of mighty nice land before she'd have me. What shall I do? I feel as if I stood on a hot-gridiron."

"Take one more look over the grounds and I'll see you fit the grand stand in an hour."

The old man hurried off at a canter, and when the hour was up the officer walked down to the stand. There he found a cross-eyed, lop-shouldered woman sitting on the fence with her No. 7 feet displayed to the gaze of thousands. Beside her was the old man. When he saw the officer he got down and shook hands, and whispered:

"That's her, and she never even thought of eloping."

The officer looked the young wife over from head to foot, and was turning away when the old man whispered:

"I kin see them feet, and them eyes, and that shoulder just as plain as you kin, but I'm no fool! Her mother is the only woman in our county who weaves rag carpets, and her dad has lent me $200 without an indorser! And, say?"

"Yes."

"The land I gin her has twelve tax-titles and a mortgage on it! See? Kelnck—whoop! I'm no chicken! "And he climbed up beside her, put his arm around her waist, and yelled out that he would back the roan horse against the field.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Spanish Bull-Fighting.

A year or two ago one of the leading Spanish grandees attempted to draw the interest of the people from bull-fights by introducing horse racing, which was in Spain an unknown amusement. For a time it was thought that the plan would succeed, but it would seem that the effect thus far has not been very deep; at least, there is just as much interest apparently taken in bull-fights as there ever was. At San Sebastian, the fashionable watering place of Spain, the encounters in the arena draw crowds from all parts of the northern provinces of the kingdom, and even induce thousands to come across the French border. In a recent contest, the favorite toreador, Frascuelo, was gored and trampled on by the bull he was killing, and was taken apparently lifeless from the ring. The accident created the wildest excitement, the ladies present screaming, and quite a number of them quitted their places to go and implant kisses upon his forehead. We are sorry to say that, under this tender treatment, the bull-fighter revived, and was able to appear a day or two later in the ring and bow his acknowlegments. As long as bull-fighting receives this measure of encouragement from the upper classes, and especially from women of high social position, it will be next to impossible to eradicate it from Spain.—*Boston Herald.*

A Woman's Revenge.

A couple of weeks ago a little woman and two children made their appearance at the Grand Central, in Tahoe City, Lake Bigler. The woman was plainly dressed, and so were both her children. They were not taken much notice of, and no one called to make the acquaintance of the modest little lady in plain clothes. Then the woman, who saw herself snubbed every day, got her dander up and sent down to San Francisco for the balance of her clothes and likewise her children's. They came. Next morning she appeared at the breakfast with a toilet from Worth, and her diamonds dazed everybody. "Oh, good morning, Mrs. Smith," came from all sides. But this was only the beginning of the toilet boom. At lunch she was simply magnificent, and at dinner overpowering. She had nine Saratoga trunks to draw from, and her little daughter's evening dress created a regular furor. Now came her turn to put on airs. She simply treated everybody with the coolest kind of politeness. Of course she was civil, but didn't overdo cordiality to any extent. After overwhelming the place a few days with an avalanche of style, she sent her trunks back to San Francisco and resumed her plain $25 suit.—*Carson Appeal.*

Lawson Whitely, an Englishman of some means, while hunting in Texas found a rattlesnake, and supposing it dead, took a stick and tried to pull it from the bush, to take its rattles, when it struck him in the left hand. On reaching the camp, one-quarter of a mile distant, he became unconscious. His friends started with him for San Antonio thirty miles, and arrived at 5 a. m., and he died at 7, without becoming conscious. He leaves a wife and three children and a host of friends to mourn his sad end.

Meredith Bugle.

C. H. KIMBALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

S. H. Robie, Manager

Office, Prescott's Block.

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of every description executed promptly in the best manner at reasonable prices.

This paper is sent free to any address for one month or more on trial.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1880.

THE GRAFTON COUNTY FAIR.

The 31st annual fair of this county was held at its usual place here, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The first day was very rainy, but the last two were pleasant and quite agreeable. The exhibition was not as good in certain departments as on previous years, nor was the attendance as numerous, although it was very good the second day. Probably the rain was the cause of this in a great measure.

Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock the grand procession was formed, and marched around the park in the following order, being reviewed by the officers of the society from the grand stand.

Straus band, of Littleton; Pennichan Post 42; Plymouth drum corps; Highland band, of Lake Village; Lisbon band, of Lisbon; Campton town team, ten yoke; Rumney, nine yoke; Plymouth, nine yoke, and Holderness, ten yoke.

After the parade the judges of the various departments proceeded to the discharge of the labors assigned them and among the first to report was the committee on stallions who awarded the first premium to G. W. Little, of Plymouth, and the second to C. W. Herbert, of Rumney. The committee on town teams awarded the first premium of $30, to Holderness; the second, $20, to Campton and the third, $10, to Rumney. The first premium on steer teams was awarded to Holderness, and that of the yearling steer teams to F. P. Weeks, of Plymouth. During the forenoon a fine exhibition of trained steers owned by C.S. Tufts, of Uxbridge, Mass., was given in front of the grand stand and was witnessed by a large concourse of people.

In the afternoon, Miss Phebe Cozzins, of St. Louis, gave an appropriate address. As was the case with Mrs. Livermore on a similar occasion she was interrupted by the ringing of the bell in the judges' stand, near the close, by some one who wanted to hurry up the races. This insult created some trouble and when it had subsided, at the call of Ex-Gov. Harriman, three cheers were given for the lady. The following races then took place:

2:30 purse, 2:30 class, $60, 25, 15, 10 to 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th respectively.

A. J. Farrar, Laconia, b. g., Dr. Tanner. 4 3 4
A. F. Hoyt, Grafton, b. g., Frank D. 2 2 3
E. G. Powers, Tilton, b. g., Tilton Boy. 3 4 2
A. C. Sanborn, Concord, s. g., Arthur. 1 1 1
Time, 2:45, 2:46, 2:45.

$30 purse, Gentlemen's Driving Horses, $10, 5, 3, 2.

O. R. Smith, Plymouth, s. m., Belle Dean. 3 3
W. A. Warren, Bath, Nellie Weeks. 4 4
W. C. Little, Campton, Sorrel Prince. 2 2
H. S. Haviland, Woodsville, Lisbon Boy. 1 1
Time, 3:03, 3:05.

This race occurred Thursday morning:

$150 purse, 3 in 5 minute class, $50, 25, 15, 10

A F Hoyt, Grafton, b g, Frank D 1 1 1
H S Haviland, Woodsville, Lisbon Boy 4 4 4
D M Fitchwick, Tilton, g m, Topsy J 3 2 3
A C Sanborn, Concord, b g, Pea soup 2 3 2
Wm Carroll, Concord, b g, Sleepy John 5 5 dr
Time, 2:50, 2:51, 2:50.

Thursday afternoon, Hon. J. W Patterson, of Hanover, spoke on Agriculture, and the following races occurred:

$125 purse, 2 in 3 class, $62 50, $31 25, 18 75, 12 50
Samuel Follansbee, Bristol, g m, Moxie 2 2 2 2
Philip Welcome, Concord, b s, Young Shakespeare 1 2 3 4
E G Powers, Tilton, b g, Tilton Boy 4 4 4 3
A C Sanborn, Concord, s g, Arthur 3 1 1 1
Time, 2:40, 2:42, 2:45, 2:40

Three Legged—D. Haley and J. Daniels, $2; E. Bailey and Douglas Smith, $1.

Foot—George Small, $1; J. Daniels, $3; D. Haley, $2; C. Dearborn, $1. Distance 1-2 mile.

Among the judges on races were Samuel Follansbee, G. E. Cobb, C. H. Bowles, C. M. Buchanan and G. W. Little.

The Littleton band gave a concert and dance at the Town Hall, Wednesday evening which was quite well attended.

A ticket four years old was presented at the gate one day, and refused.

The usual half hourly and oftener trains were run.

The Pemigewasset restaurant, Morrison & Cook, proprietors, D. Williams, cook, all of Campton, did a good business, and scattered their printed bills of fare with a liberal hand.

The Plymouth Grand Army restaurant was remembered by its friends.

There was some drunkenness and a few slight disturbances, the most serious of which, perhaps was Thursday afternoon, in which a special police officer and a young woman, both of this village, were the principal participants. No one was seriously hurt, however.

CAMPTON.

Mr. Gilbert, of Boston was the last boarder at the Black Mountain House, prior to its change of landlords. Mr. Fess, the builder and proprietor for so many years, having sold out to Buchanan & Willis. Mr. Gilbert has boarded here more or less for the past five years, and the fine colts that Mr. Fess has raised for him are well-known throughout this region. Without doubt they are the best-blooded stock ever brought to Campton.

RUMNEY.

The return of Gen. C. B. Norton to E. B. Clark's Daisy Cottage boarding house is greeted with pleasure by all the inmates of the house; also the traveling public have found a pleasant stopping place there. A GUEST.

LACONIA.

Court commenced here Tuesday. Among other cases to be tried at this term of court, is that of Jack Belford, of this town for breaking and entering.

The great event of the week has been the reunion of the 12th N. H. Volunteers on Monday. The day opened by bidding fair for a fine day, but from a little past noon it rained quite smart most of the remainder of the day. However, this did not prevent the comrades of the old 12th from enjoying themselves, for at a few minutes past 11 those of Co. H, of the 12th living in this vicinity marched to the depot, preceded by the Belknap cornet band, Perley Putnam leader, and Co. K, (Belknap Rifles,) 3d regiment, N. H. N. G., under Capt. Elbert Wheeler. After a protracted march through the principal streets the procession brought up in front of the Unitarian church, where the boys were treated to short addresses from Dr. Fowler, His Excellency Gov. Natt Head and Col. Thomas J. Whipple. At the close of this the Belknaptifles and the 12th with invited guests partook of a bountiful collation in the vestry. The boys were dismissed and requested to be round at 5 o'clock sharp for dress parade, but owing to the inclemency of the weather this important part of the programme was dispensed with. At 7 o'clock the Belknap cornet band gave an open air concert, and as is their custom discoursed some most excellent music and convinced those that heard them that the old band is heard to beat. They looked neat in their new uniform. At 8 o'clock all adjourned to the hall and there listened to such jokes, songs, army reminiscences and speaking as is customary at camp fires. Among the speakers were Col. M. A. Haynes, Capt. Bartlett, Col. Beede, Col. Whipple, Major Savage and many other speakers. Capt. Lang, of Meredith was chairman of the meeting. After these exercises there was a social hop, lasting until 2 A. M. Music by Story & Sons' orchestra, of this place. There were about 150 comrades of the old 12th in line. During the camp fire Col. Whipple was presented with a beautiful gold badge of the 12th in the shape of a diamond.

At the regular meeting of Star of Hope division No. 47, Sons of Temperance, Friday night of last week the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: Mrs. Ellen F. Young, W. P.; W. H. Philbrook, W. A.; Wm. A. Constantine, R. S.; J. Fred Hoyt, F. S.; Sadie Cook, treasurer, Mallie Powe, A. R. S.; C. L. Davis, Con.; Meda Baldwin, A. Con.; ——, I. S.; C. M. Pierson, O. S.; ——, Chap. The division numbers about 150 members. They have procured a new seal which is considered a little ahead of anything of its kind in the state and was made from a design drawn by Bros. Davis, Brown and Pierson.

Clothes line thieves are at work in this vicinity. Mr. Gates here had his reel relieved of its entire contents a night since. Load up your guns and lay for them. W. A. C.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœa is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy.

NEW REPUBLICAN PAPER In Plymouth.

The latter part of this month will be commenced the publication of a new weekly newspaper in Plymouth, called

The Republican Star.

As its name indicates, it will be Republican in politics. Live, Aggressive, Progressive and Independent, but at the same time it will endeavor to be Calm and Candid in its exposition of party principles. Although intended primarily for campaign service, its publication will be continued indefinitely if satisfactory evidences of future support are given.

In addition to the political features, there will be one or more good stories and poems, with several columns of news—foreign, national, state, county and town, as well as departments of science, general information, fun and everything else that makes a good family and fireside publication, for the parties concerned in the enterprise have had much experience in similar work.

The Star will be 24x35 inches in size, containing 4 pages of 7 columns each, and with less advertising than in many publications.

Advertising rates low and made known on application.

Canvassers, correspondents and agents wanted everywhere, to whom good inducements are offered.

Subscriptions, $1.00 in advance per year; out of the county, $1.25; 25 cents for 3 months. When not paid in advance, at the rate of $1.50 will be charged. Specimen copies free. An extra copy given for every five names.

Address all communications to the

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PLYMOUTH, N. H.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, regulating, toning and invigorating all the functions of the body.

Ringworm Humor and Salt-Rheum.

RAYNHAM, MASS., Aug. 12, 1878.

C. I. HOOD & Co.: Gentlemen— * * * I have had ringworm humor and salt-rheum so badly that my body was covered with raw sores; so, also, my head and face. I have had any number of doctors in the last seven years, and none of them could cure me. One day my mother was in the city of Taunton, and found one of your cook books, and in reading it I found many people testifying to cures from the use of your Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I felt forced to try it, although I had seen many things advertised that never did me any good. I have now taken two small bottles and one large one of Sarsaparilla, and used three boxes of Ointment. I now call myself cured. Nothing can be seen of the humor but the dim outlines of the sores. I shall take two more bottles, and then the cure will be complete.

I am gratefully yours,
EDGAR F. WHITMAN.

Biliousness, Sick Headache.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co.: Gents—Please send me by express two bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla and a few Cook Books for distribution. Your preparation has worked wonders in the case of my wife, who has been troubled with sick headache and biliousness for years. She only took one-half teaspoonful at a dose, and has not been so well for five years as now. She found that within a week after taking it she felt very much better, and is now entirely free from those severe headaches. She has not taken any of any account since last spring, and which little she had is kept to do some others some good, and we must have it in the house.

Yours truly,
HOMER B. NASH.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is sold by all druggists. Price $1, or six large bottles for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

☞ Use Hood's Tooth-Powder.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

The gas explosion in Campton last week did but little harm. We are happy to say there was no one hurt or even frightened.

That Young still lives and is able to do a "SMALL" business, having just returned from Boston with a new stock of goods; not a bankrupt or shopworn stock, but clean new goods which he offers at bottom prices. It is a well-known fact that Young first introduced low prices in Campton Village, and please remember he intends to fight it out on that line; that his motto is, "Live and let live."

Please call and examine goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Butter, cheese, eggs, pork, grains, oats and potatoes taken in exchange for goods at full market prices. E. J. YOUNG.

CAMPTON VILLAGE, N. H., Oct. 1, 1880.

Now We Have

GOT 'EM.

HOLD YOUR HORSES!

AND SEE

SANBORN

—OF—

WEST CAMPTON,

KNOCKING

THE SPOTS OUT OF

HIGH PRICES.

—ON—

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Flour,
Tobacco,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Men's & Boys' Wear,
Hardware, Paints and Oils,
And Everything You Want.

I have just returned from the great city and brought part of Boston up to West Campton, consisting of a NEW and SPLENDID STOCK of better goods than I ever had before, which I will sell at LOWER PRICES than ever before named for the same goods in this section of the country. I have

TEAS

So sweet and good that they will tickle the palate of maid and matron.

TOBACCO

So good that it will make the crossest man good natured.

MOLASSES RICH AND SWEET.

DRESS GOODS,

SO PRETTY that they will make any woman look handsome.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have got the goods. COME AND SEE Now I will tell you

WHAT I WANT.

I WANT YOUR BUTTER.
I WANT YOUR CHEESE.
I WANT YOUR EGGS.
I WANT YOUR CHICKENS.
I WANT YOUR TURKEYS.
I WANT YOUR PORK.
I WANT YOUR BEEF.
I WANT YOUR DRIED APPLES.
I WANT YOUR OATS.
I WANT YOUR PELTS.

HARNESS UP

And bring them on, I will pay you every cent they are worth, and sell you goods SO LOW you will not ask me to take off anything.

Another thing I want is your

Store Cash,

And I will give you more and better goods for your money than any other LIVE MAN.

HARNESS UP! HARNESS UP!

And bring your wife, bring the children and bring the old lady and let them see what

SANBORN

IS DOING AT HIS

SQUARE DEALING STORE,

West Campton.

E. H. SANBORN, Proprietor.

P. S.—*SOLID CASH* paid for good Butter and Eggs every day.

N. B.—Special Bargains in Thick Boots.

A Startling Announcement to the People of Campton Village and Vicinity.

A TERRIBLE

KNOCK DOWN

IN THE PRICES OF

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
HARDWARE,
PAINTS and OILS.

And in the Largest Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Exhibited in this northern section of New Hampshire.

J. W. Morrison & Son

In order to keep up their well earned reputation for selling the *best goods* at the *lowest prices* and to deserve and fairly win the good trade of all this section, now keep, and will continue to keep *more than double* the stock of any other trader in this vicinity, all of which will be offered at such *low prices* as will cause all small dealers to stand aghast.

A DETERMINATION on our part to make our store THE HEAD QUARTERS FOR TRADE, will be carried out to the very letter.

Having better facilities for the purchase of goods than many who call themselves *Merchants*, we wish the people to distinctly understand that

J. W. MORRISON & SON

Will sell them what goods they want at prices *so low* as to *defy competition*.

☞ WE HAVE PUT OUR FOOT DOWN on high prices in this vicinity and mean that the fall and winter of 1880 and 1881 shall witness a sale of goods in CAMPTON VILLAGE that will astonish the oldest inhabitant. Now scrape together all the money you can and

START YOUR TEAM FOR

J. W. MORRISON & SON'S

STORE and YOU WILL SAVE MORE in one day than you ever did before in a lifetime.

Notice Extraordinary!

Having purchased the *Great Bankrupt Stock* of a *New York Wholesale Dealer* in *Fancy Goods* and *Notions* generally, we are going to place them on our counters, at prices that will make a sensation from one end of the country to the other.

☞ Come and see 5,000 articles at FIVE CENTS EACH and upwards.

Bargains you never dreamed of are here for you to look at. Wives, coax your husbands to come and see them. Children coax your parents to come and see them for here is just what you want.

500 Glove Makers Wanted.

J. W. MORRISON & SON,

CAMPTON VILLAGE, N. H.

CLOTHING

L. M. HOWE.

I am now receiving from Boston a larger stock than usual of NEW STYLES of heavy goods, suitable for fall and winter wear, which, if attention is paid to quality, the prices will be found to be the very lowest.

OVERCOATS

IN GREAT VARIETY

From $2.50 to $20.00.

Fine Cassimere Dress Suits.
Fine Worsted Suits.
Business Suits.
Young Mens' Business and Dress Suits.
Children's Suits, all sizes.
Men's Good Serviceable Suits for $5 and $7.

FURNISHING GOODS.

My stock comprises everything usually wanted.

Hats and Caps.

I have the largest and best selected stock in this vicinity.

N. B.—No cotton goods sold for all wool.

L. M. HOWE,

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

$100 REWARD

See Pamphlet Wrapper. For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that Dr. Bigler's Pile Remedy fails to cure. It allays the intense itching, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only by J. P. Miller, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa. CAUTION.—Some parties are offering worthless remedies for Piles. Do not be deceived. Ask for Dr. Bigler's Pile Remedy, and take no other. Only 50 cts. Trial Bottle, 25 cts. For sale by druggists. HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SICK HEADACHE CURED IN 20 MINUTES BY DYSPEPTIC OR BILIOUS DYSPEPSIA

A Medicine recently discovered and used by an eminent physician with wonderful success. All druggists and country merchants have it or will get it for you. Only 50 cts. Trial Bottle, 25 cts. HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

Our friends are informed that in selecting a medium for the insertion of legal advertisements, this paper offers the same facilities, at as low a price, as any newspaper issued in the State. It is optional with parties to order their notices to appear in such newspapers as they may be pleased to favor.

GUARDIANSHIP.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Judge of Probate for Grafton County, guardian of Joseph H. Whittemore, of Plymouth, in said county, who is insane.

Dated at Plymouth this 15th day of September, 1880.

HENRY H. WHITTEMORE,
Guardian.

Printer Wanted!

Also a man or boy to work two days in the week, at this office immediately, or an apprentice of either sex.

Meredith Eagle.

C. H. KIMBALL,
Editor and Proprietor.
S. H. Robie, Manager.

SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1880.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Ed. Cox's new stable will be ready for occupancy next week.

Mr. A. A. Kidder and wife, of Chelsea, Mass., are visiting friends in this place.

E. C. Mansfield has just returned from Boston with a full stock of dry goods and clothing.

We were pleased to receive a call on Saturday from Mr. F. M. Hall, of the Lake Village Times.

Mr. Peter Hines, formerly conductor on the B. C. & M. R. R., is now stopping in this vicinity.

Bartlett & Smith, masons of this place, will go to Centre Harbor next week, to do the work on J. S. Graves' new house.

We are authorized to state that the town of Meredith is conducting the liquor prosecutions and not private individuals.

A large assortment of the fall and winter styles of millinery just received from Boston, by Mrs. S. J. Brown, Prescott's block.

We understand that the barn recently raised by Luther Boynton, without the use of stimulants, was 38x45 feet and that there were over 60 present.

An advertising sheet called the Commercial Advertiser, containing advertisements and miscellaneous reading matter, will be issued by the manager of this paper, early next week.

Mr. Nelson True's horse became frightened at the depot, Thursday morning, and started toward the village making rather a fast record, but was caught by George Hutchins in season to avert any serious accident.

Mr. Burt Hoyt has arranged for another session of the Belknap County Musical Convention at Laconia, commencing October 12, to continue four days, under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano, and Mrs. Ella Cleveland Fessenden, contralto, have been engaged together with the Dartmouth Glee Club, of Hanover. Let Meredith be well represented at this grand musical treat.

The largest audience for many weeks was present Sunday evening, many going as usual to show their interest, while others went out of curiosity on account of the legal measures recently taken by the authorities. The meeting opened with Scripture reading by Rev. Mr. Bard and prayer by Rev. Mr. Palmeter. The president's remarks were of a substantial nature and showed that he had an interest in the glorious cause of temperance. He called upon the citizens to be united and maintain the work in the future as in the many months past. Rev. Mr. Graham thought that all honorable means should be taken to put down the sale of intoxicants. He considered it of great benefit to the rising generation. W. B. Reynolds said that as long as he had a voice to use and a hand to raise it would be for the cause of right. He had suffered almost everything on account of rum, and thought that temperance should prevail if every rum seller was sacrificed under the hammer of the land. Capt. Lang had driven 23 miles to be present at the meeting. He hoped these gatherings would always continue, and should do all in his power for their advancement. A brother Clifford, formerly of Piermont, now a resident of our village, said that he had been a drunkard for twelve years and related some of his experience. B. F. Wiggin was next introduced. He had head that the temperance work was on the decline, but on looking at the large audience present and hearing the speeches he was happy to say it was not true. W. J. Tuttle, who has been a great help in the liquor prosecutions, said that he had signed the pledge to keep it, and would work for the good of the cause. E. Swain was as usual on hand with his characteristic remarks. Mr. Fred McIntire, our school teacher made some most excellent remarks, and Rev. J. Erskine made a speech which we should like to report did our space allow it. It was listened to with close attention, and thus closed the meeting.

Have Winter's Balsam of Wild Cherry always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bottle.

Some of the latest styles of Political Badges of both parties, for sale at L. C. HULL'S 10 only 10 cents each.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

Some of the most popular songs of the day for sale at L. C. Hulls for only ONE CENT EACH. tf

A FREE BOOK of nearly 100 large octavo pages for the sick. Full of valuable notes,—by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, —on Scrofula; Diseases of the Breathing Organs; Diseases of men; Diseases of women; Aches and Pains; Heart Troubles; and a great variety of Chronic Diseases, with evidence that in most cases these diseases are curable. Sent for a three cent stamp. Address, MURRAY HILL PUB. CO. No. 129 E. 28th Street, N. Y.

We have much pleasure in recommending Thermaline to our readers, as an absolute cure for Malaria. The manufacturers' name alone is a guarantee of its merit. It sells at 25 cents per box. For particulars see Advt.
For sale by G. S. Bartlett, Plymouth.

If you want anything in the floral line for entertainments, funerals and parties, or for farm or garden, read George Main's advertisement and then call at Plummer Fox's store, Plymouth, and order of him. 99-tf

The medicines of DUNDAS DICK & Co. are unexcelled for elegance, purity, and reliability. Their Soldiltine Seidlitz Powders, are as pleasant as Lemonade. Their Soft Capsules are world famous. See Advt.
For sale by G. S. Bartlett, Plymouth.

Extreme Tired Feeling.
A lady tells us "the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that *extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are a superior combination of Barks, Roots, and Herbs not attained by any other manufacturers of Bitters.

Keep in the stable and always at hand Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment as it is the best remedy for Burns, Bruises, Strains, &c.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, and all Lung Affections, use Downs' Elixir, which has stood the test of Fifty years, and has not been found wanting.

INVALIDS SHOULD NOT FAIL
To use the famous bi-sulfate tive, saving tonic and nerve restorative, known as Wyomoke Eminent physicians in all schools of medicine recommend this nerve invigorator as a positive nerve specific in all nervous diseases, heart affections, broken-down constitutions, etc., etc. Price only $1 per. $4.50 and $9.00. sold by all druggists. Letters from gentlemen and ladies in the highest walks of social and public life, who have been benefited by using this remedy sent on application. Cures are sent with each bottle of Wyomoke.

LOCAL MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

Beans, bu.,	$1 75	2 00	Turk'ys, lb,	16	18
Butter, lb,	15	25	Dried Apples, lb	2	6
Beef, lb.,	4	12½	Wood, cord	3 50	4 00
Cheese lb.,	10	18	Tallow, lb.,	8	
Chickens, lb.,	10	12	Maple Sugar, lb.,	2	2½
Eggs, doz.,		17	Hay, ton		14 00
Lard, lb.,		11	Corn, bu		65
Potatoes, bu.,	40	50	Oats, qt.,		5
Pork, lb.,		6	Flour, bbl.,	5 50	9 00
Hides, lb.,		7	Corn meal, 100 lbs.	1	75
Calf kins, each,	40	60	Pork, salt,	8	12
Sheepskins, "	40	80	Molasses,	40	75
Honey, lb.,	20	25	Vinegar,		25
Tobacco, lb.,	40	1 00	Wool, wash. lb.,		40
Prints, yd.,	8	10	Sugar, lb.,	8	13
Cot. Cloth, yd.,	5	13	Cider, bbl.,	1 50	4 00
Candles, lb.,	12	17	Kerosene, gal.,	14	25
Shoats, 100 lbs.,		1 25	Tea, lb.,	25	75
Flannel, yd.,	30	90	Coffee, Rio, lb.,	17	25
Straw, 100 lbs.,		35	" Java, lb.,	35	38
Rye, bu.,		85	Mutton,	4	7
Pollock,		4	Raisins,	10	20
Fresh Cod	3	7	Shingles,	1 50	3 50
Hams, smoked,	10	15	Lathe,	2 00	2 25
Geese	8	12	Ducks,	6	50
Green Peas, bu	1 00		Maple syrup,	60	1 00
Salt coarse, box	10	60 25	Onions,		1 50

TEACHERS & STUDENTS $50 TO $100, OR $200 per month during VACATION. For full particulars, address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHEAP HOMES!
IN A MILD CLIMATE. in North Carolina Good Farming, Grazing and Mineral Lands can be bought VERY CHEAP. The Climate is mild, equable, healthful. The Soil is good and capable of the highest development. Everything grown in the Union is grown in its limits. Population law-abiding and hospitable. TAXES LIGHT. Manufactures multiplying and prosperous. Endless water powers. Correspondence invited. Information promptly given. Apply to the Department of Agriculture, Raleigh, N.C.

NEWMAN'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT is brought to your notice with the assurance that no better remedy was ever prepared for the cure of wounds, bruises, cuts, sores, burns, scalds, scrofulous sores, ulcers, piles, boils, and in fact for any disease of the skin. Testimonials have been received from persons who have suffered for years from salt rheum and chilblains but have been cured by using this ointment. Farmers will find it a sure cure for cracked or chapped hands, cold sores, sore lips and chilblains. It is one of the best articles ever used for wounds, cuts, sores, galls, or scratches on horses. In the past few years this ointment has had an extensive sale, and we have yet to hear of a single instance where it has failed to give perfect satisfaction. Price 25 cents a box. Prepared by C. T. NEWMAN, Druggist, Manchester, N. H. For sale by druggists generally. Wholesale agents—Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., and Gilman Brothers, Boston, Mass.

Sold by J. S. Tufts, Plymouth.

AGENTS WANTED
To take subscriptions for the
INTERNATIONAL REVIEW,
the latest and best American publication, of the highest class, with original contributions from the most celebrated writers in every country. Edited by J. T. Morse, Jr., and Henry Cabot Lodge, gentlemen of the highest attainments and culture, and whose names are alone sufficient guaranty of the REVIEW.
Always bright, readable and instructive; cosmopolitan in literature, progressive in science, unsectarian in religion, and independent in politics.
Price, 50 cents a number; $5.00 a year. A complete Agent's Outfit sent on receipt of $1.00. A specimen copy sent to any address for 15 cents. A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers, 307-10t. 111 & 113 William St., New York.

GEORGE W. DOLLOFF,
LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Opposite Mt. Belknap House.)
Always keeps all the Latest Novelties the Market affords.
☞He makes his suits to order equal to the fine-t city trade and at as low prices as ordinary work can be bought for elsewhere.
Particular attention given to cutting Garments for others to make.
22 1y.

SCROFULA. A medicine that destroys the germs of Scrofula and has the power to root it out is appreciated by the afflicted. The remarkable cures of men, women and children as described by testimonials, prove Hood's Sarsaparilla a reliable medicine containing remedial agents which eradicate Scrofula from the blood. 100 doses $1.00. Sold by all dealers. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

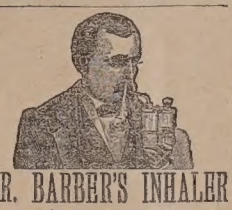
SEIDLITINE.
Seidlitz Powders. As pleasant as a glass of Lemonade. 5 cents each. All Drug Stores.

LAXATINE.
Laxative Lozenges for Regulating the Bowels. Prevents and Cures Constipation. 25 cents per box. All Drug Stores.

FROM ELDER THOMSON, Pastor of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Detroit, Mich.—"My son was dangerously ill and entirely prostrated from Chills and Fever. Quinine and other medicines had been tried without effect. Mr. Craig who had used Thermaline as a Tonic, advised a trial of it, which was done, resulting in his complete recovery within a few days."

DOCUTA CAPSULETS.
Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recent or Chronic. They will cure any recent case in seven days. The word Docuta is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75 cents. Capsules (large size) $1.50. At all Druggists. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & CO., 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

PILES Instantly relieved, by the use of Macqueen Matico Ointment, and CURED after several applications of it. Sold by all Druggists, or mailed on receipt of 25c by DUNDAS DICK & CO., Mfg. Chemists, 35 Wooster Street, New York.



DR. BARBER'S INHALER
IN OPERATION.
The above picture partly shows how Dr. Barber's Inhaler acts. It is the first and only perfect Inhaler ever invented.
Other vapor-making Inhalers carry the vapor in a crude and objectionable state to the breathing apparatus. Dr. Barber's invention washes it free from all unwholesome particles through pure water, making it a faultless Inhaling instrument.
CATARRH
Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever,
and other diseases of the air passages of Nose, Throat and Lungs, can be reached *only* by Inhalation. Dr. Barber's Inhaler carries healing vapor *direct to the sore and inflamed surfaces*, and searches out the very seat of disease. It is a complete treatment in itself—not a quack device for luring the sufferer to buy a batch of high-priced "secret" nostruma.
All Intelligent physicians use and recommend Dr. Barber's Inhaler. It cures *Catarrh* in all stages. It cures *Bronchitis*. It relieves and cures *Asthma and Hay Fever*. It cures *Pneumonia, Diphtheria*, and even *Consumption*, if taken in time. It furnishes
The ONLY TRUE WAY to CURE
all diseases of the breathing apparatus. It is the cheapest radical and complete treatment ever known.
Druggists sell Dr. Barber's Inhaler. We have local agents in nearly every town; but sufferers who have been deceived by delusive advertisements will please SEND US A POSTAL CARD FOR FREE DESCRIPTION OF THIS TREATMENT. It is a great discovery, to know all about it costs you only a postal card. Give address plainly, and name of paper containing this notice. Address the sole manufacturers,
BRENT GOOD & CO., New York City.

WILLSON'S
CARBOLATED
(Norwegian)
Is retained by the Weakest Stomach.
Is Free from Unpleasant Taste.
Arrests Decay. Never gets Rancid.
It cures *Consumption, Scrofula*, Asthma, *Bronchitis*, Emaciation, *Coughs*, Colds, Hemorrhages and all *lung* and *constitutional complaints*.
As a *Blood Purifier* the Carbolated Oil is remarkably efficient. Its use in Scrofulous Affections, Rheumatism, &c., is strongly recommended. Its purifying power is wonderful in Consumption—depending, as it frequently does, upon Scrofulous taint.
It acts upon the rational theory of IMMEDIATELY ARRESTING DECAY WHILE IT BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM, enabling it to throw off the disease.
Sold only in wedge-shaped bottles. Willson is spelled with a double "L." Remember the word "CARBOLATED" in ordering from your druggist, and insist on having the right kind.
GUEMP CHEMICAL CO., N. Y.

COD LIVER OIL

BUCHAN'S
CARBOLIC BALM
OINTMENT
IS THE
Best Salve in the World.
Trade Mark.
Quick and Startling Cures.
It Heals Without a Scar.
Allays Pain & Stops Blooding.
Soothes a Burn or Scald.
Heals a Cut like Magic.
Draws Poison out of a Wound.
BUCHANS' CARBOLIC
BALM OINTMENT
CONTAINS NO GREASE AND WASHES OFF WITHOUT SOAP.
acts Instantly and like Magic.
For Salt Rheum, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Piles, Sore Eyes, Poisonous Stings and Bites, Barber's Itch, Chapped Hands, Scrofulous Sores, and any and every other purpose for which a Salve or Ointment can be used, Buchan's Carbolic Balm Ointment is the only preparation that can always be relied upon. It is a beautiful jelly-colored article, sold in glass bottles with the above "trade-mark," without which none is genuine. See to it that your druggist gives you Buchan's, as above described. Circulars sent free on application to the Manufacturers.
GUEMP MANUFACTURING CO.

Raven Indellible Ink.
MARK YOUR CLOTHES Best in the world; black as the raven's wing; flows perfectly; does not spread or run; always ready, no preparation needed; WON'T WASH OUT. will not injure any fabric. Sold by all Druggists, Booksellers and Stationers. GUEMP CHEMICAL CO., N. Y.

OUR
GREAT OPENING
—o—OF—o—
Fall and Winter Goods
—WILL OCCUR—
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday,
SEPTEMBER 20, 21, 22 and 23.

We shall endeavor to make the most magnificent display of RICH and CHOICE GOODS ever made in New Hampshire. During the past two weeks we have visited the New York and Boston wholesale markets and purchased for our various departments

The Largest
AND MOST DESIRABLE LINE OF GOODS
We have ever had the pleasure of showing.

Great care has been taken in making our selections and our patrons may depend upon finding upon our counters

The Newest and Most Fashionable Goods.

Our display of Fine Dress Fabrics will be remarkably fine.

☞Hundreds of decided bargains will be offered in each department.

We cordially invite all our friends and patrons who attend the Belknap County Fair, to visit our establishment and see our magnificent display of goods.

☞Our prices are the LOWEST and our goods the most desirable.

O'Shea Bros'.
Wholesale and Retail Establishment, 130, 132, 134 and 136 Main Street,
LACONIA, N. H.

F. E. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CARPETS,
CROCKERY,
CHINA,
GLASS,
SILVER and
BRITANNIA WARES of all designs and patterns; also
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
STRAW MATTING,
STAIR OILS,
PAPER HANGINGS,
WINDOW SHADES,
OPAQUES, HOLLANDS,
VARIETY GOODS, Etc.,
All of which are retailed at the lowest living prices.
☞Examine our stock before buying elsewhere.

To The Trade.

It is with pleasure that we can announce to the trade that we are able to offer all kinds of Crockery, China, Glass and Stone Wares, at prices which will enable us to compete with the largest Boston houses.

This announcement will give all country traders a chance to save money. As we sell our goods at the same price that you can buy in Boston, and charge nothing for cartage, you save freight from Boston here, also cartage fee. We make a specialty of all kinds of GLASS WARE, and particularly of CHIMNEYS.

Please reserve your orders until you have written us for prices, and we will show you that you can save money by dealing with us.

Hoping to be favored with a share of your trade, we are very respectfully yours,

F. E. CLARK,
Bailey's Block, CONCORD, N. H.
E. & J. 305-22.

Robinson & Son,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
SUPERIOR CABINET
Organs

Meredith, N. H.
Our organ cases are all made from SOLID BLACK WALNUT or other woods as may be desired, and thoroughly seasoned, and will stand any test that wood is capable of. In the construction of these organs we use nothing but the very best materials obtainable.
PRICES FROM $75 AND UPWARDS.
WE ARE MAKING A GOOD
SUBSTANTIAL ORGAN
with 2 full sets of reeds and tremolo for the unprecendented
Low Price of
$75.
All Instruments are warranted for SIX YEARS.
Having had many years' experience at Pianoforte making we feel confident that we can offer work second to no other manufacturers in this or any other State in the country.
Organs Constantly on Hand or Built to Order,
containing any number of combination of stops. Buyers of organs will readily perceive the great advantage in having their organ constructed under their own supervision, and purchasing at first hand, thereby saving agents' commissions.
We are also manufacturers for *RETAIL ONLY*
—OF—
Superior Walnut
And other
EXTENSION TABLES
OF SPLENDID FINISH
Which we are offering at JOBBERS' PRICES.
☞Tables of any length desired.☜
Our tables are all made firm, and designed to stand the solid wear of every day use.
☞Please send for circular and price list.

LACONIA
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
J. T. WEEKS & Co.,
95 Main Street,
(Successors to Otis Beaman), keep a full line of
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hats & Caps,
Shoe Tools, Shoe Findings,
Stationery, &c., &c
Our Motto:
"GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES,"
WILL WIN ANYHOW.
2-3m.

DR. F. L. MASON,
Dealer in
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Jewelry and Silver Ware of all kinds, Fancy Goods, Toys, Books, Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, &c.
Dr. Mason having had nearly 20 years' experience as a regular practitioner, and having passed a satisfactory examination before the Commissioners of Pharmacy, will pay personal attention to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions.
COR. MAIN AND WATER STS.
MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H.

C. H. COLBY,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Meredith Village, N.H.
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. A specialty made of copying, enlarging and finishing in India ink, warranted not to fade.
☞Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views of Meredith and vicinity for sale.
The celebrated Roman Violin Strings always on hand at 25c. each. Sent by mail on application. 12-3m

F. P. CAREY, F. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS,
Prescott's Block,
MEREDITH, N. H.

HAVEN PALMER, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MEREDITH VILLAGE - - - N. H.

ELM HOUSE.
This house is too well known to need any further comment.
10-3m Livery Stable Attached.
C. M. BURLEIGH, Proprietor.

J. A. LANG,
For Sale PIANOS and To Let.
I can furnish Pianos of all grades and styles, either on lease or sale, on the most satisfactory terms. Address 72 MERRIDTH, N. H.

Are You in Want of
EXTENSION TABLES?
If so, call on ROBINSON & SONS, Meredith Village, and get good honest custom work, that will last a lifetime.
PRICES VERY LOW.

B. F. SHEPHARD,
Ladies' and Gents'
HAIR DRESSER.
Hair Curling and Shampooing.
Particular attention given to Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting.
Instruction Given on Guitar.
MEREDITH VILLAGE - - - - N. H.

—CALL ON—
Bickford & Roberts,
When in want of anything in the line of
Dry Goods,
Groceries, Confectionery, Cigars, Dry and Pickled Fish, Canned Goods, Fruit, &c., &c.
Together with other goods usually kept in a country grocery store, which they will sell at the lowest living prices for cash or ready pay.
They hope by fair dealing to merit and receive a share of public patronage. BICKFORD & ROBERTS.

J. R. QUIMBY,
Practical Watch Maker and Jeweler, Meredith, N. H., Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Goods, Spectacles, etc. Engraving done with neatness and despatch.
N. B.—All watches will be examined in the presence of the parties bringing them in, and the fault shown, to prevent the over-charge so often made. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

THEODORE A. GOFFE,
DEALER IN
BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, WINDOW
FRAMES, MOULDINGS, &c.
In fact, all kinds of finishing stock necessary for the completion of the highest, as well as the cheapest cost buildings whether for residences, manufacturing or business purposes.
Also, Stocking Boards, Dye Tubs, Packing Boxes and other articl s for manufacturers' use, besides book covers, wardrobes, shelving, counters, signs, &c.
I have one of the best job shops in the country, ample machinery and water to run it and can dispatch my work with the least possible delay. I guarantee good courteous treatment to all customers and by strict attention to business and square dealing hope to share fairly in the patronage of the public.
☞Give me a call.
NEAR NEW MILL.
Ables' Court, Laconia.
9-1y.

THE LACONIA DEMOCRAT

On trial for the next three months for 25 cents. Subscribe for it. Invite your neighbor to take it. Send it to some distant friend or relative who may be interested in home news. Address with stamp, LEWIS & SANBORN, Laconia, N. H.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

Maine.

Ilesboro in Penobscot bay is destined to be a fashionable summer resort, 25 new cottages being under contract to be completed the present season.

Terrible forest fires have been raging on Grand Menan, destroying much ship timber and several farm-houses.

The hotels at Bar harbor have closed, after a very profitable season.

New sardine factories are building at Eastport, the past season having been very successful.

About three miles above Richmond is an old house, formerly known as the Pownalboro court-house, where John Quincy Adams used to attend court, and where Benedict Arnold spent a night on his way to Canada.

Rev. Louis F. Stearns of Newark, N. J., has been elected professor of Christian theology by the trustees of the Bangor theological seminary.

The sophomores of Bates college have chosen as orator a colored student, the son of a former slave.

Explorations on the Kennebec, a few miles above the state capital, have discovered veins of rich tin ore, and a company has been formed to work them.

New Hampshire.

The state debt is $3,512,466, being a reduction since last year of $61,684, and the expenses for the year ending June 1 were $221,948 and the revenue $547,343.

The Congregational society of Franklin have engaged Rev. Mr. Hadley to fill the place of Rev. Mr. Burr.

Three men from Warren recently found a swarm of wild bees far up on the side of Piermont mountain, in a large old hollow hemlock tree, and got 100 pounds of honey.

F. X. St. Hilaire, a Frenchman, began to repair watches recently in Concord, but after collecting from 15 to 20 he took the train for Canada, and has not been seen since.

Dayton O. Shaw, while returning home at New Hampton recently, was attacked by tramps with knives, after demanding his money. He escaped with a few cuts on the arm.

The body of Caroline R. Kilburn of Salisbury has been found in the Black Water river, but it is not known whether the drowning was accidental or intended.

Otis, recently sentenced to 30 years in the state-prison for killing Duval of Durham, has made a confession in which he claims that he did it in self-defense.

Vermont.

Rev. R. M. Luther of Bennington has been unanimously elected district secretary of the American Baptist missionary union at a salary of $2000 a year, and will move to Philadelphia.

Middlebury college has opened with an entering class of nine, but it is hoped to raise the number to 12.

Twenty-five bands have been invited to the tournament to be held at Lyndonville October 2, and 15 are expected to be present.

Edgar H. Lane of Jericho, assistant judge of Chittenden county court, has been taken to the Concord insane asylum on account of softening of the brain.

Silas M. Waite, former president of the First national bank of Brattleboro, who absconded last June, leaving a defalcation of about half a million dollars, has been arrested at the house of his brother-in-law Truman Buck, Omaha, Neb., by special detective W. H. Shields, who had tracked him a long distance. Waite had purchased a cattle-ranch in northern Nebraska away from civilization, and had intended to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth there.

The Champlain valley agricultural society are to have a three-days' fair at Vergennes City October 5, 6 and 7, the last day being devoted to displays of stock horses and exhibitions of speed, for which several noted trotters are said to be entered.

The governor gets only $1000 a year, while the secretary of state gets $1700.

Rev. A. S. Small of Peacham, while preaching the annual sermon of the Woodstock Baptist association at Londonderry the other day was taken ill and died in an hour.

The Burlington woolen company at Winooski Falls are putting the Brush electric light in their three factories.

Miners at Plymouth Five Corners are sinking a shaft to reach a gold bed.

Massachusetts.

Roxbury has increased in population from 34,722 in 1880 to 64,814.

People specially interested in the schools of Boston are impressed with the seriousness of the situation in which the resignation of the superintendency by Dr. Eliot has left them, and are anxiously looking about for a fit man to succeed him.

While Mrs. Foley of Boston was watching the procession, a strange woman stepped up to her and said, "You look tired carrying that child; let me hold it for you." The women were separated by the crowd, and the child has not been seen since.

A sharp school-boy in Salem forged the mayor's name to an order closing the schools recently, and it had the desired effect.

A handsome new state seal has been procured and placed in the office of the secretary of the commonwealth. It is an exact fac-simile of the old one, which has been in use vat 50 years. This is the third seal that has been used since the adoption of the constitution in 1780, each of the others having been in use just 50 years.

The horse distemper is rapidly spreading in Middlesex and Worcester counties. At Marlboro and some of the larger towns, there are numerous cases.

John H. Blodgett, Reuben W. Reed, James Wilson, Augustus E. Scott and others of Boston have been incorporated with a capital of $300,000, under the name of the Commercial manufacturing company, for the making of oleomargarine, stearine and glycerine.

Mrs. Mark Rossiter, 78 years old, for several years a widow, was found dead in her bed at Great Barrington. It is supposed that she died of heart disease. She lived alone. Over $30,000 in bonds was found hid away in different places about the house.

Two hundred and seventy-five men from New York passed through Wareham recently en route to the Cape Cod ship canal. A majority of them were Italians, although a number of Swedes accompanied them.

Lawrence is to have a soldiers' monument by Maurice Powers of New York.

Gov. Long has received a $2 bill in a paper bearing the words, "Please pass to the credit of the state of Massachusetts $2."

Dr. Lyman of Boston has begun the examination of 10,862 sets of lungs from western beeves at the Brighton shattoir, to determine if any of the cattle slaughtered are affected with pleuro-pneumonia. The examination will occupy six weeks.

The returns giving the number of enrolled militia, or males between 18 and 45 liable to military service, show an increase of 13,301 over last year, the whole number being 258,726. Dukes and Barnstable counties lose, but all the rest gain, Essex the most, 3053. Berkshire gains 143, Franklin 147, Hampden 905, Hampshire, 317, Worcester 1862.

A thief in Holyoke recently stole a doorplate.

There is about $2000 unexpended of Boston's appropriation for celebrating the 250th anniversary.

Rev. Solomon Fay of Bangor, Me., has accepted the call of the Lower Mills Congregational church at Dorchester.

The continued cold weather has somewhat aggravated the horse distemper in Boston, and one or two more fatal cases are reported.

The school-boys of 1836 who took part in the late celebration at Boston are to have a social reunion in November.

Rhode Island.

An unoccupied house known as the White Rock saloon, in East Providence, has been burned, with a barn and shed; loss $2000.

Over 300,000 bushels of oyster seed shells have been planted in the Providence river this year.

A prosy political speaker of Providence was nearly shut up the other night by a little boy in the crowd crying out, "You make me tired, you do."

Julia Ward Howe of Boston officiated at the Memorial chapel, Tiverton, on a recent Sunday.

James Gordon Bennett has sold the casino at Newport to the town for $159,000, $100,000 of which he takes on a mortgage and $16,000 as a stock subscription.

Jerry Dugan of Newport is charged with the attempted murder of his wife in New York city, whither he went a couple of weeks ago.

The man found on the railroad track near Providence fatally injured recently has been identified as Thomas Higgins, who worked in a mill at Lonsdale, and once roomed with William Henry.

The horse distemper has appeared at Providence. Nearly one-third of the Union railroad company's 700 horses have it. A large percentage of the livery-stable horses are affected, yet few are deemed unfit for driving.

Connecticut.

Henry McHather of Norwich and Harry Young of Boston bagged 704 birds on the Connecticut river in five days last week, the largest day's work being 235 birds.

The Hartford county superior court has allowed Henry Katz of Thompsonville to change his name to Henry Raites, because mischievous neighbors spoke of him and his wife as the "old rats" and the children as "little rats," some even calling them "mice."

The managers of the Connecticut stock-breeder's association have offered inducements to the owners of "Maud S.," "St. Julien" and "Rarus," the three fastest horses in the world, for a trial of speed at Hartford some time next month.

A New Haven drug clerk who hired a team in Meriden on a recent Sunday and returned 12 hours later than he had intended to, paid the expense of searching for him as a horse-thief, the bill being $7.

The late William K. James of Norwalk left the trustees of St. Paul's church $10,000, to be held in trust until it accumulated to $30,000, for a new sanctuary.

New Haven's register of vital statistics has handed in a bill of over $4000 for work, which, it is claimed, his assistant did in less than six months.

The reports of the 11th annual convention of the Catholic total abstinence union of the state, at Danbury recently, showed a membership of 2277, and 43 societies.

New London lost 28 children in 19 days by diphtheria.

The will of Albert C. Raymond of East Hartford gives the use of his property to his wife during her life, and at her death, to the town of Montville for a public library the sum of $10,000; to the town of East Hartford $17,000 for a library and a building to contain it; to the First Ecclesiastical society of East Hartford the rest of his estate. The property will inventory about $40,000.

A five-years-old son of George Cusick of Hartford died a few days ago from burns received by his clothing catching fire while he was playing around a bon-fire.

Lorenzo Knowlton Lyon of Eastford possesses the watch carried by Gen. Lyon through the Mexican war and in his pocket at the time of his death.

The special enumerator of manufacturing statistics in Hartford district reports $6,759,000 capital invested and $2,145,000 paid as wages. The average number of males employed is 3876, of females over 15,675, and of children 1054.

A Northfield man waded into a pond, with suicidal intent, the other day till the water reached his chin. No one made any frantic efforts to save him, but on the contrary, somebody told him where he could find deeper water. After considering the matter and taking a drink from a bottle which he had with him he concluded to come ashore and postponed his suicide until another time.

GENERAL NEWS.

The naval academy authorities at Annapolis, Md., are investigating an assault recently on Thomas Graham of Philadelphia, a candidate for admission to the academy, who was caned by some of the midshipmen cadets. It appears that the candidates had attacked cadet midshipmen Foxhall Parker and three others, and when the latter attacked them they had prepared themselves, and Graham was caned.

Arkansas never had such a corn crop, while the cotton crop, although somewhat damaged of late, will still be immense.

Two thousand Paris cabinet-makers have struck.

Dr. Samuel P. Chalfont, found guilty of murder in the second degree for killing Josiah S. Bacon, was sentenced recently to 10 years in prison.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum has forwarded arms to Collector Rivers at Floyd court house, Va., to enable the force there to protect themselves from the moonshiners.

A consignment of 95,500 Alaska seal-skins, valued at $1,000,000, has reached New York en route for London. The freight to New York was $10,000.

The war ship Druid has been ordered to join the Flamingo and Contest, to protect English fishermen in American waters.

Patrolman Perry of the Jersey City police, recently shot and killed Louis Shaughnessy, a desperate character. The officer fired three times, the last shot entered the man's head, killing him instantly. Shaughnessy had just served out a term of five years for cutting a man's head with an axe.

The Boston & Maine railroad's freight house in Boston was badly damaged by fire recently.

By a land slide at Naini Tal, Bengal, 11 British officers, 15 soldiers and 11 other persons were killed, and 4 injured.

The German newspapers in discussing the French ministerial crisis are almost unanimous in expressing suspicion and fear of M. Gambetta.

Felippo Costiggini has completed the group representing the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth rock in the circle of frescos around the base of the dome of the national capitol.

Mrs. Hazzard of Monticello, Ill., gave birth to five children recently. They are all alive.

Maj. Walsh of the Canadian mounted police has secured Sitting Bull for three years for a company of Canadians who propose making a tour of the United States and Canada with him, beginning January 1. He will appear in a border-life drama.

Baltimore celebrates her 150th birthday, October 11, by a grand demonstration. The celebration will occupy several days.

During a fight between boys at Reading, Pa., originating from a game at marbles, Robert Driver, aged 12 years, was instantly killed by a stone thrown by a boy unknown.

Because Benjamin Terckner, of Powhattan, O., 80 years old, talked of marrying again, his son killed him.

Lord Mountmorris, a small land-owner, who was on friendly terms with his tenants, has been found murdered near Ballinrobe, Ireland.

Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, predicts cold and stormy weather for the remainder of September and part of October.

Mayor Greene, of St. Augustine, Fla., is charged with being among those who made all they could out of the City of Vera Cruz wreckage washed ashore near there.

A royal order provides that all merchant vessels shall hereafter be allowed to enter the port of Havana at night. Steamers coming after night-fall will be obliged to blow their steam whistles continually in order to avoid disasters to small craft.

The annual report of Gen. Burton, supervising inspector-general of steam-vessels, shows that the number of lives lost during the fiscal year of 1880 from the different classes of accidents to which steamboats are liable will not exceed the following: From explosions, 22; fire, 32; collisions, 66; snags, wrecks and sinking, 14; accidental drowning, 25; missed, lameness, diseases, 6—total, 185. In 1877 the number was 177.

John C. Cahill, late postmaster at Bucksatina, Miss., has been arrested for opening registered letters, and paying his debts in postage-stamps.

No South Carolina industry has thrived more since the war than market gardening about Charleston; and this year the shipments of strawberries have reached over 1,000,000 quarts, and those of early potatoes about 42,000 barrels.

Judge Wheeler recently awarded the complainant $64,871 in the suit of Christopher C. Campbell, assignee in trust, against Postmaster James of New York, and others, for infringement upon the letters patent granted Moenus P. Norton of Troy, N. Y., for improvements in post-marking and postage canceling in the postal service of the United States, and the final decree was made and filed in the United States circuit court.

The natives recently revolted against the French in the island of Dominica of the Marquesas group. Several whites and natives were killed. The white inhabitants fortified themselves as well as possible, but were on the point of surrender when relieved by the French gunboat from Nukahiva. The insurrection has been suppressed.

A boiler in Loose & Sons' fruit-drying house at Monroe, Mich., exploded recently, killing Henry O'Brien, engineer, Leonard Martin, Cutter, and a boy named Chabenau, and wounding others. The building was demolished.

A Green Transaction.

One season I got tired of African vegetables, and concluded to grow some corn and asparagus in a field about half a mile from my house. I had inclosed the land with a strong fence, and was on my way to paint my fence green, with a view to preserving the wood and keeping off certain insects. I had nothing in my hand but the paint-pot, never dreaming that I should meet any dangerous brute so close to the company's station.

Just as I got inside the inclosure, I heard the trumpeting of an elephant, and saw a huge animal charging at me. It is very uncommon for an elephant to attack a man unprovoked; but this one was a "rogue," which, being driven out from the herd, becomes the most vicious and dangerous of its kind.

This I found out afterward, for, at the time, I bent all my energies upon reaching the nearest large tree, knowing that I should not be safe in a small one. My tree of refuge was a baobab, small of its kind, not being over fifteen feet in circuit. It was easy to climb, and so, hardly knowing what I was doing, I took my paint-pot up with me. On came the elephant, right through the fence, which snapped in pieces before him, only seeming to increase his rage. I knew I was in for a long siege, unless some one should come that way; for one of my negro laborers was laid up, and the other was out fishing, and might be out all night. Nor was there any hope of escaping when the brute went to water, for there was a brook in sight of the tree.

After sunset, the elephant did withdraw to take a drink, but came straight back, and lay down beneath the tree. might last till the morning, but when the heat returned I must faint and fall. I wondered whether it would be pleasanter to be trampled by an elephant, or to poison myself with green paint. It was a lucky thing that I thought of that paint, for it put an idea into my head. Acting upon this idea, I began to tease the brute and disturb his repose, by throwing broken twigs and shouting at him. I wanted to make him particularly mad with me, so that he would let anybody else pass him unmolested. Then I took off my outer clothes, and having made them fast where I had been sitting, I painted myself green from head to foot! Of course he could not see what I was doing in the dark.

A the first sign of dawn, I descended to a lower bough, taking my snuff-box with me. This I opened and threw at his head, thinking it advisable to impair his sense of smell, if possible. He started to his feet and looked about him. It was lighter now, for it lightens quickly in Africa; but he could not see me, as I was the same color as the leaves of the baobab. So he merely fixed his gaze on my clothes, and sneezed.

Just then I slipped down to a still lower branch, and from that to the ground, and walked away—coolly in one sense of the word,—for I was shivering with fright.

He looked at me for one moment only; it was not a green man nor a green monkey that he was after. So I left him sneezing and trumpeting furiously—at my garments.

The elephant was wrong in believing the common adage that "the tailor makes the man."—*St. Nicholas.*

Customs of Prague.

In Prague, the ancient capital of Bohemia, now a part of the Austrian empire, some of the customs are decidedly quaint. On entering a store or office it is the universal custom to take off one's hat; and on leaving, good-by is said to the shopkeeper with as much formality and courtesy as we say it to a friend on leaving his house. If a gentleman and lady make a purchase at a store, the package is sure to be handed to the woman rather than the man, as it seems to be regarded as menial in a man to do such a thing as to carry a bundle. Banking houses and many places of business in Prague are closed for two hours during the middle of the day, but are kept open later in the afternoon than in our American cities. Business is not transacted at the usual railroad speed of our American towns, but it is the custom when one enters an office to sit down and talk socially for a while before reverting to business; and nobody seems to be in haste. Instead of calling a physician simply "Doctor," he is commonly addressed as "Mr. Doctor." Sunday has the appearance of a holiday in Prague. The stores are all open in the morning, and many of them through the entire day. Mills are running and teams passing; and various church holidays are treated as more sacred than the Sabbath.

Romantic Wedding.

George Terry went from New England to Atlantic city, N. J., about six weeks ago, and obtained employment at the Camden and Atlantic railroad depot as yard cleaner, his duties being to rake up and remove the waste paper and other refuse from the car yard and depot. He is a good-looking young man, and while attending to his duties he was often noticed with some show of admiration by a daughter of Prof. J. L. Keyser of Philadelphia. The admiring glances were returned, and Terry succeeded in being introduced to the young lady. He pressed his suit with ardor, and a week ago the pair were married there. The young lady's parents have occupied a cottage during the past season. It is understood that no objection was made to the union after the girl said that her happiness was at stake. The young couple will reside in Philadelphia.

RELIGIOUS.

The Sabbath is the green oasis, the little, grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose. —*Dr. Reade.*

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, the venerable New York clergyman, is now in his eighty-first year, and has a pension of $5000 a year from St. George's church of which he was thirty-five years the rector.

The Rev. Septimus Hansard, rector of Bethnal Green, since his ministrations to the poor of London slums began, has had smallpox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and is nearly wrecked in health. He receives as worldly pay, three hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The papyrus manuscript recently discovered in the cave of a hermit near Jerusalem, and said to be the work of St. Peter, has been submitted to a committee sent out by the Biblical society of London, and they have come to the conclusion that the papyrus is in reality the work of the great apostle. They have offered $100,000 for the document in vain.

The Southern Presbyterians report this year 12 Synods, 67 Presbyteries, 1928 churches and 1060 ministers not including 53 licentiates; 47 churches were organized within the ecclesiastical year and 18 were dissolved. The total number of communicants in the churches is 120,028, and of members in the Sunday-schools 74,902. The benevolent contributions of the church foot up $1,062,338, and show an increase over the two preceding years.

Archbishop Gibbons gives this picture of the Pope as he saw him during his recent visit to Rome: "He welcomed me heartily," says the archbishop, "and made me feel at home. He is about seventy years of age, tall and erect, of a very thin figure. His face is perfectly pale—as pale as Cardinal Manning's. His countenance shows great intellect, a happy blending of gentleness and force of character. He has a benign countenance."

The Society of Friends in England has excited an earnest discussion among its members by the introduction of singing in some of its general meetings. The practice was attacked and defended at the recent London yearly meeting, and although the conservative element inclined the meeting to the view that silent meditation and animated preaching were sufficient to secure the operation of the Holy Spirit, there were still to be found many who declared their belief in the power of songs of praise.

Dr. Emmons, the famous New England divine, met a pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute, but the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?" "Certainly; I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."—*Watchman.*

The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied, "No, it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggest a deep moral and spiritual truth. Sermons, lectures, and books abound on the temptations which lie along the life-course of the young to eternity. Over the most dangerous ones are lifted the solemn notes of repeated warning. This is well. And yet how much more frequently does the Word of God present and enforce, with all the urgency of motive love can suggest, the very truth contained in the pilot's answer—the "King's highway of holiness." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead.—*Presbyterian.*

A minister is not educated until he is trained away from his faults; and I see not why it should not form a distinct part of his preparation. The whole matter is relegated to the assumption of piety. Having that, one is supposed to have everything. But, if my observation has taught me anything, it is the frequency with which, under a general assumption of piety, the details of character and conduct are left unheeded. And, as I have observed ministers, they will bear a strain and test everywhere better than in their characters. I do not refer to gross lapses; but to what are called infirmities and faults. They endure any amount of work and a great deal of self-denial. They serve in all capacities, fill any place, from addressing an agricultural society to haranguing a caucus; they are laborious in their appointed duties, and full of devotion and zeal; but I must say they are very apt to break down in a test or strain that actually involves the substance of ministerial character, which I take to be devotion to Christ's Kingdom.—*Rev. A. A. Munger.*

English Titles.

The custom in England of adopting titles taken from counties and towns was extended to villages and private estates, and in some instances family names have been used instead of place names. The original marquises were guardians of the frontier marches, but the first English marquisate, in the modern sense, was conferred in 1386 upon Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was created marquis of Dublin by Richard II. The Earl of Somerset was made Marquis of Dorset by the same king; but the title was taken from him in the next reign. The House of Commons petitioned that it might be restored, but the earl did not wish for a higher honor, as it was considered an innovation. At one period in the reign of George III, there was only one marquis on the roll of the peerage.

An eye to business.—Bather. "Mr. Levi, I feel awfully cold." Mr. Levi. "Cold? Can't I shell you a beautiful winter overcoat?"

Splendid Marksmanship.

Glass-ball shooting and various other exhibitions of skillful manipulation of parlor rifles are at present attracting considerable attention both in Europe and the United States. Otto, a son of Joseph, a Nez Perces chief, gave an exhibition of fancy shooting in a San Francisco parlor which stands unequaled. The scene of operations was a room sparsely lighted and the general circumstances rather unfavorable for successful shooting. The incidentals for the shooting exhibition consisted of a triangular wooden frame, at the apex of which a bill poster representing the figure of a man had been pasted, a piece of glass about one inch square inserted for an eye, and at the other corners of the triangle a set of brass knobs were inserted in the frame. On either side, above and below, slanting iron plates were fixed to cross bars and numbers of glass balls hung at various distances from each other. At the back of the apparatus a gong occupied a central position. The first experiment consisted of blindfold shooting. A nickel five-cent piece was glued to the figure, and the young sharpshooter, blindfolded, turned around in various directions, and was finally placed in a direct line of the object with a rifle minus a sight, and at a distance of some twenty-five feet. The first shot sent the nickel flying around the room, and on examination an indentation was found on its very edge. The second test consisted of placing a small piece of tinted paper on the glass used as an eye for the figure, and then placing a large piece of cardboard in front of and touching it so that it was completely hidden from view. The shooter was again blindfolded and the first shot shattered the glass, the bullet having passed through the very center of the tinted paper. There were various other tests, such as breaking three swinging balls with one shot and breaking a ball placed immediately behind the attendant, the ball, owing to previous contact with the brass knobs or iron plates, taking a circuitous course.

Scaring the Police.

A small, wiry woman, with a determined face and dressed in green silk, entered police head-quarters recently, and demanded an interview with Chief Clerk Hawley. She was led into his presence, and immediately planking down a package of papers tied up in red tape on his table, launched forth into an harangue that took Mr. Hawley's breath completely away. Her shrill voice attracted the curious clerks from the outer offices, but her words were unintelligible, as she spoke German, and at the rate of 500 words per minute. The woman gesticulated wildly and flourished her umbrella about the frightened official's head. "I want the German consul," she shouted in German; "he is here. You cannot keep him away from me. I will have him," and snapping her fingers at a policeman who attempted to put her out. It transpired that the woman imagined herself suffering from some grievous wrong for which she blamed the police and the consul jointly.

"Two thousand detectives!" she shouted frantically, describing a circle with her extended umbrella about Mr. Hawley's head, "follow me by night and day with clubs, pistols and knives. Take them off, sir, and surrender the consul; I will attend to him." She looked as if she would, and as she seemed half induced to make a sample of the chief clerk to begin with, she was persuaded to go away on the representation that the consul had just left the building. She swept out as erect as the obelisk, and was seen no more.—*N. Y. Mail.*

More Naval Drills.

The success attending the naval review at Hampton Roads last year has induced the secretary of the navy to repeat it this year upon a still more liberal scale. Not only the training ships Constitution, Portsmouth, Saratoga and Minnesota, but all the other war vessels constituting the home squadron—the Tennessee, Kearsage, Vandalia, Alliance and Tallapoosa, the latter being especially for the use of the secretary—will take part in the naval maneuvers. The review will take place about Oct. 15, or soon after the return of Secretary Thompson from Indiana. The reports from the several training ships are of the most flattering character, and abundantly insure the success of the system of creating a corps of seamen who will be representative American seamen. Secretary Thompson expects to soon add still another vessel to the four already in this service.

A Forward Boy.

Squibbs's boy has been for some months an inmate of a lawyer's office. He entered with the determination, as he announced to his family, to become secretary of state. There would seem to be some probability of his succeeding, to judge from the following note sent the other day to his anxious mother, who had inquired why he did not come home to see them oftener: "The impossibility of my absence will be readily apparent, when I convey the intelligence that my senior principal is at the current juncture exhaustively engaged in the preparation of a voluminous series of intercalatory interrogatories, to be propounded to a supposedly recalcitrant witness whose testimony is of cardinal importance in the initial stages of an approaching preliminary investigation involving the most momentous consequences."

Usefulness of an Owl.

For many months the parish church of Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has been infested in its interior by several scores of bats, which not only made fearful work of the new oak stalling, but at evening service might be seen flitting to and fro in the vicinity of the rafters of the nave. Various means have been tried to rid the edifice of the pests but with little success, until an owl was placed in the church. Since then not a bat has been seen in the church. If the owl has not destroyed them he has had the effect of compelling them to keep very close quarters.

The European Powers.

THE HARBOR WHERE THE FLEET WILL ASSEMBLE.

The harbor of old Dulcigno is one of the oldest on the Adriatic and the best that exists on that harborless coast between the southern point of Dalmatia and the mouth of the Drin. The haven is a sure safeguard from the south wind—the fierce sirocco, but is exposed on its northern side. There are about a dozen huts now on the beach, making a little settlement, exclusively Albanian, and called Limani. In the beginning of the 16th century the appearance of the harbor was very different. The town fell into Turkish hands very late in 1571, and the Turkish governor of Scutari, who was responsible for the district, proved incompetent or unwilling to check the piracy which gave Dulcigno an evil name in the 16th and 17th centuries. The light Dulcignote barques descended on the Italian, Albanian, even Greek coasts. The Porte undertook to put them down, but the governor of Scutari, himself always chosen from a particular North Albanian family, was not inaccessible, and moreover, the Porte had no particular objection to seeing Austrian and Italian commerce damnaged. An unmanageable pasha at last made his appearance in the person of Suleiman, and the whole Dulcigno fleet, numbering no fewer than 500 vessels, was burned to the water's edge in its own harbor. This blow ruined Old Dulcigno, and the present town was planted a little further inland to take its place. In 1722 the town was occupied by the Venetians, but only for a brief period. In 1878 the Montenegrins took it by storm, most of the Turkish garrison having previously got away by sea. Austria, however, at the Berlin Congress objected to its retention by Montenegro, and Gusinje and Plava were substituted, with what result all the world knows. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Couldn't Agree.

A "hired man" who has been employed on a farm in this county for several months entered suit against his employer the other day for balance of wages amounting, as he claimed, to $32. The suit was on trial in Justice alley, yesterday, and it looked at first as if the plaintiff had a clear case. He gave dates and figures in a straightforward way, and seemed a very honest young man. When the farmer took the stand he said:

"I claim an offset for that $32. No man need sue me for what I honestly owe."

"What is your offset?" asked the lawyer."

"He's an unbeliever."

"In what?"

"Why, in the Bible."

"What has that to do with your owing him $32."

"It has a heap to do with it. I had six hands in my employ and we were rushing things, when I hired this man. He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knock-down over the whale swallowing Jonah. The man who ran the mower got to arguing about Samson, and drove over a stump and damaged the machine to the tune of $18, and the very next day my boy broke his leg while climbing a fence to hear and see the row which was started over the children of Israel going through the Red Sea. It wasn't a week before my wife said she didn't believe Elijah was fed by the ravens, and hang me if I didn't find myself growing weak on Noah and his flood. That's my offset, sir; and if he was worth anything, I'd sue him for a thousand dollars besides."—*Detroit Free Press.*

[Rochester Sentinel.]

"Buckwheat Cakes and Measles."

When a young husband had gone from home, and with fond solicitude telegraphed his little wife, "What have you for breakfast, and how's the baby?" He received the brief, suggestive reply: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles." We have the report of a case in our midst, not where measles was in the bill of fare, but where sciatic rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known druggist to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: "The senior of this firm was attacked with sciatic rheumatism December last, and for four weeks could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling no worse for his recent affliction." The inference is convincing.

A discovery has just been made by M. Toussaint, a professor of the veterinary school at Toulouse, by which he has succeeded in inoculating animals with vaccine taken from an infected one, and rendering them proof against epidemics, such as pleuro-pneumonia, etc. M. Pasteur, it is well known, was successful in vaccinating poultry, and thus preserving them from the attack of what is known as chicken cholera.

[Monroe (Mich.) Commercial.]

Mr. Clarence B. Stoddard, the druggist, informed us that Mr. Louis Hope, a sufferer with rheumatism for a number of years, obtained the greatest relief by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

An English firm has recently patented an ingenious "notion" in the shape of a thimble with a magnifier mounted in the top, so that a lady can carry with her a ready means of examining the character and fineness of any piece of stuff.

D^r BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP

A "string" "rattling" voice and a constant disposition to expectorate, indicate incipient throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in good time, and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale by all druggists.

An English gamekeeper has recently broken a black sow to hunt game in the woods, and she is said to run in the hunt with wonderful success.

"The welfare of the people is the supreme law." Everyone suffering from Catarrh, Hay Fever, Catarrhal Deafness and Colds in the head have a cure at hand in Ely's Cream Balm. Price 50 cents.

Three Elizabeth, N. J., Gentlemen.

MESSRS. ELY BROS:—Your "Cream Balm," differs from all other preparations as it does all you claim for it. I have been cured of Catarrh of several years' standing by its use, and my sense of smell has been restored. For Colds in the head it works like magic.

E. H. SHERWOOD, at National State Bank.

My experience is similar to the above, and would recommend the remedy.

G. S. DAVIS, at the First National Bank.

Ely's Cream Balm gave me immediate relief. FRANK C. OGDEN.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
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